WEEKLY VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 42] SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1805. [WHOLE No. 146

CYTHERIDA,

A PASTORAL ROMANCE.

LISANDER and Silamus, whom curiosity had drawn to the town of Amathon, to assist at the festival of Venus the Adonian; returned to their cottages entertaining each other with the ceremony which they had been to see. The friendship with which they were united, did not permit them to be a moment separate from each other.—— Constant companions from their tenderest years, the greatest happiness of these amiable shepherds was the pleasure they enjoyed together in a country life, and knowing no other happiness or pleasure than to sing beneath a shady oak, the felicity which they enjoyed. Their days were passed in obscurity, but at the same time with the greatest tranquility and innocence.

The evening was fine; the moon was risen; a gentle breeze agitated the trees, the murmur of a rivulet, every thing in this wood seemed to conspire to invite to repose. Our two shepherds were so near their habitation that they found themselves inclined to rest in this agreeable shade. When they were seated: how! said Lisander to Silamis, is it possible that you, whose soul is so sensible to the pleasures of friendship, is it possible that thou hast seen all the shepherdesses of this village without having lost that indifference which alone tarnishes all thy good qualities? they are surely handsome! no, the Goddess of Cythera to whom this isle belongs, has certainly given them superior charms; I allow it, answered Silamis coldly, but my dear friend love does not depend upon ourselves; I can admire the charms of our shepherdesses, and do justice to their beauty, without having my heart affected. Shall I own it, continued he, sighing? the indifference with which you reproach me is but feigned: my soul filled with the idea of a dream; sighs after an unknown object; I adore a being which perhaps never existed. I feel, I know my weakness, and far from seeking a remedy for my ills, please myself in augmenting them. Nothing but your reproaches my dear Lisander should have drawn the secret from me. My reproaches, replied Lisander, it is true had no foundation, but Silamis you need but change the object to make them legitimate. Why hide from me that which afflicts thee? does my friendship for thee merit this reserve? Ah Silamis, thy friendship is but slight; pardon dear Lisander, the order of a God prevented me, but that powerful obstacle ceases, the day when I should have seen this beauty, is past, and I no longer hope to arrive at this happiness. It is eight days since being asleep in this wood where we now are, love appeared to me in the form of a winged infant, without a fillet, his quiver hung negligently over his shoulders, in his left hand he had a golden arrow. In approaching he called to me, and said: shepherd I am the God whom they revere at Cythera, satisfied with thy worship I will recompense the piety with which thou servest my mother and me. I come myself to announce to thee the happiness thou shalt enjoy through my care. Go to Amathon, the day on which the feast of Adonis is kept shall not pass without your seeing the original of this painting, he spoke and my astonished eyes were dazzled at a small picture which represented a shepherdess about fifteen years of age; go to Amathon, again repeated Love, be constant, and discreet, and I will overcome every obstacle which shall present themselves. Love said this and disappeared.

I awaked and was much surprised to find this box lying by me. He gave it to Lisander, who was about to open it, when their ears were struck with the most piercing cries. Silamis took the picture from the hands of his friend, and both ran to the place from whence they thought the cries seemed to issue.

They were not long in finding that which they searched for; two women one of whom had fainted, the other a person in years, endeavoring to escape from a monstrous serpent; the two friends without hesitation attacked the monster with their crooks, the only

arms which they carried. The fierce animal turned his rage against them; he flew upon Lisander, and twisting himself several times about his body would have killed him, if Salamis enraged at the danger of his friend, had not with a well aimed stroke cut the furious animal in two. The serpent used its utmost efforts to unite itself, but all in vain, it expired upon the body of the unfortunate Lisander.

Silamis thought of nothing but his friend; he believed him dead, and in his despair he turned the hook of his crook against his breast, when he found himself strongly held; Is it thus, said the person, who held him, O generous shepherd, that you would lose a life, that your valor has preserved; what misfortune can induce you to destroy yourself; have pity at least upon two unfortunate women; do not abandon them, seek them an asylum and cease to enrage the gods in giving yourself to despair. These few words brought Silamis to himself; he was ashamed of his weakness, and turning to the stranger: pardon, O my mother, said he, my misery had deprived me of reason; my friend Lisander is no more, I was unwilling to survive him; but you have opened my eyes, and dissipated my blindness: come, I will conduct you to my cottage; my cottage shall be your's, my trees, my flocks are your's, happy, too happy if you will deign to receive me as your son; he who will always think it his greatest glory to love and respect you as a mother! Having thus said, he approached the young person who was still senseless, he ran to a neighboring rivulet, fetched water, and assisted Mantho, the name of the person with whom he had been talking, and they at length succeeded so far that she opened her eyes. As the moon shone very bright, it was easy to discern the features of the handsome unknown. He had scarcely looked at her, when he gave a loud cry, turned pale, and fell down by her side. Mantho was not a little embarrassed: essential reasons had obliged her to quit her country; and the oracle of Delphos, whom she had consulted, had ordered her to go to Cyprus. With her daughter and friendless, in an an unknown place, she knew not what would become of her, and the extreme anguish of her mind prevented her assisting her defender.

Cytherida, her daughter, whom an unknown movement interested in the preservation of the stranger, used her endeavors and soon succeeded. What joy for the tender Silamis to find himself in the arms of the object of his desires, his transports are not to be described, he threw himself at her feet, and acquainted her with part of the ardor which he felt for her. The shepherdess made him no answer, her cheeks were tinged with a lively red, and her eyes in concert with her heart could not conceal from this happy lover, the impression which the sight of him had made. Transported with their happiness they gave themselves up to the most tender sentiments, when the mother interrupted this dumb conversation. She entreated Silamis to conduct them to his cabin, and to quit a place where they could not stay without terror. He raised himself up without speaking a word, when recollecting his unhappy friend, the tears fell from his eyes: No, cried he, I cannot leave my friend in this wood, exposed to be devoured by wild beasts. O heaven, inhuman heaven, why must the greatest blessing be poisoned by so much sorrow? in saying these words, he ran to where the serpent lay, he threw himself upon the body of Lisander bathed him with his tears whilst he uttered the most tender discourse.

The shepherdesses had followed him, and being less concerned, easily perceived that Lisander still breathed. Mantho told Silamis, who in a moment passed from a transition of sorrow to joy. They all together gave their utmost assistance and brought him to himself, when he soon recovered the use of his speech. The word which he pronounced was, Silamis! Silamis, embraced him with the greatest tenderness, and having raised him up, they all four walked towards the hamlet.

They were scarcely arrived before Love, which before had been divided by the pity he was inspired with by the fate of his friend, took the entire possession of Silamis who conducted his beautiful mistress to the cabin, where he left her and her mother at liberty to repose themselves.

He accompanied Lisander to his partook of his bed and acquainted him with his happiness. The friendship with which they were united, was too lively for Lisander to be insensible to the happiness of his friend. Cytherida and Silamis colored at saluting each other: their confusion did not escape Mantho, who smiled, and being willing that their mutual embarrassment should cease, addressed herself to Silamis, and after having thanked him for what he had done for her daughter and self: it is just, O valiant shepherd, said she, that I should acquaint you with the reasons that brought us hither, we came continued she, from the borders of Ephesus: I lost my husband, the father of Cytherida, almost at the instant of her birth. The love I have preserved for his memory (for he was virtuous) rendered his daughter still more dear to me, and my chief occupation was to educate this precious gift in the fear of the gods, and in the love of virtue. All our riches consisted of a small flock which I resigned to the conduct of Cytherida, as soon as she had attained her twelfth year. Two years we passed in this peaceful manner. One day when an indisposition kept me at home, Cytherida conducted her flock to the meadow, and being fatigued with the heat she fell asleep under the shade of a large tree at the entrance. Gods how was she awaked! Adrastus, son of the King of Phrygia and nephew to Cresus held her in his arms, this monster was determined to satisfy his brutal passion, and notwithstanding the cries of my daughter, her prayers and tears he had perpetrated his crime if some shepherds whom the gods certainly sent to the assistance of innocence, had not forced him to relinquish his unworthy enterprise. *(To be continued.)*

(From the Boston Weekly Magazine.)

Delicacy and Politeness necessary to keep Love alive in the Married state.

WOMEN, who have lost their husband's affection, are often reproved; and indeed very justly, for neglecting their persons, and not taking the same pains to *keep* as they did to *gain* a heart.—But who thinks of giving the same advice to men? Yet why a woman should be expected to endure a sloven with more patience than a man, and magnanimously governing her feelings, conceal her disgust, I cannot understand. It is not possible always to be pleased, because having promised to love under different circumstances, we

are told it is our duty to do so in all. It is much to be lamented that both the male and female character is unavoidably shrouded in a kind of veil, during courtship; which, when removed by matrimony, too frequently discovers circumstances, which, if previously known would have been insurmountable obstacles, and have prevented the union from taking place.—The man in pursuit of a favorite fair, whom he wishes to make his companion for life, studiously avoids appearing before her in dishabille—he would think it an insult—to pay her a visit with uncombed hair, a long beard, dirty linen, and his whole person bearing the contaminating marks of an overnight's intemperance, which might be wafted to her olfactory sense by his tainted breath. To oblige him to appear before the object of his wishes in that state, would be next to death. He will be careful to adjust his dress with neatness, his linen will be clean, his face, hands, and teeth, perfectly sweet.—While in company with his charmer, he watches her looks, guesses at her wishes, and flies to execute them; does she wish her chair removed, does her fan, handkerchief, work or scissars fall to the ground, how eagerly does he spring to prevent her the least trouble! her word is a law with him, and it is a very rare thing with a lover to presume to find any fault in his mistress, much more to have the resolution to reprove even her most eccentric actions. But how often does it happen, that the magic words once past, which are said to convert two in one (though for my own part I much doubt the infallibility of their power, unless mutual love and similarity of taste had previously cemented their hearts) but I say those talismanick words once past, how soon does the scene change? For a man to be unwashed, undressed at home is nothing; he will see nobody but his wife, and she has promised to love, honor and obey him; and it is her duty so to do, whether he continues to deserve it or not. Now is not this ridiculous? A rose is undoubtedly sweet, but will any person pretend to argue that a rose is a pleasant or desirable object, when withered, or in a state of decay, it lies on a dirty pavement, or noisome dunghill? yet we all know that a rose, carefully gathered, kept in water, and that water frequently changed, will expand its beauties gradually, retaining its sweetness and freshness, until time shakes its leaves gently from the stalk; and even then they may be gathered up, and though their beauty is no more, the perfume still remains, which will spread itself through every thing with which they may come in contact.

Thus it is with life. Time and the intimate connection that must subsist between married persons, will unavoidably produce a change—but that change would be gradual and almost imperceptible, did they in general pay more attention to neatness, delicacy of manners and conversation, and that necessary, habitual politeness, which never can be neglected without danger of our manners degenerating into downright rudeness. What man will dare so far to offend against the rules of politeness, as to contradict any other woman, and yet how common is it to hear a wife contradicted in the most rude and insolent manner; nay, be called a fool, and be peremptorily bade to hold her tongue! How humiliating must this be to a woman of any sensibility; how wounding to her feelings, especially (as is often the case) if the wife has more sense than the husband; with what contempt must she look on the insignificant being who assumes these airs of consequence, only because custom, and the law, have dubbed him *Lord and Master*.

If a woman were addicted to daily intoxication, would a man be blamed if he treated her with the neglect and loathing such a conduct deserves, would he be expected to allow her any thing more than a decent maintenance, and would any one be surprised should he prefer eating and sleeping alone to sharing his bed and meals with a being so brutalized, as a person must be, whose animal passions are kept in a continual ferment by habitual intoxication! No surely, so far from blaming him, the wonder would be how he had patience to allow her to remain in his family. But reverse the picture. Let a man nightly frequent scenes of the lowest debauchery, and return to a delicate woman, in a state, little, if any thing, removed from brutality; let him outrage her feelings by fits of rage at night, and disgust her by sickness and peevishness in the morning; or what may be more intolerable, make her suffer martyrdom by submitting to his nauseous fondness; let him not only squander his substance, but take from her the produce of her industry, to lavish on the most degrading pleasures. If that woman dares assert her own rights and act like an independent being, who will uphold her? Where is the law that can be called into action for her defence? But I have suffered the indignation which always arises when I think on this subject, to carry me farther than I intended; I merely took up the pen, with the design of exhorting my married friends to *neatness*, *politeness*, and that *delicacy of language* and manner, which is indicative of purity of thought, and chastity of heart.

Women, in particular, should be careful to preserve that delicacy which is the chief ornament of the sex; men are not always to blame for the unhappiness which too frequently takes place in married life. Inattention, sluttishness, rudeness, vulgarity, peevishness, love of pleasure, and a want of delicacy at all times, are perfect and certain antidotes to love; and any woman indulging in any one of them, will be certain in the end to lose her husband's affections. And though I know and feel the many degradations to which women must unavoidably submit, I am equally sensible that many a man of sense, delicacy and superior education, passes a life of wretchedness, being unfortunately united to an inconsiderate or malignant being, whom he is too generous to cast from his heart, and home, because he knows he may do it with impunity. Let women be as attentive to their persons when married, as they were when anxious to secure the hearts of their lovers; every accomplishment, every laudable art which had been sedulously cultivated to win, let her then exert to retain the heart most dear to her—let her not lose sight of that modesty, that retired in obstructive delicacy, which, when a virgin, rendered her inexpressibly charming; for she may be assured, it is equally becoming in the wife. And I will venture to affirm that when women adopt this mode of conduct, few men of sense will be ashamed of being lovers many years after they have become husbands—and from men of all descriptions, such as fools, knaves, and sensualists, may every woman of sensibility and delicacy be delivered; for marriage with such men, must be worse than Egyptian bondage.

I speak not from actual experience—no, I have reached my fortieth yea without having changed my condi tio

being content "to suffer the evils which I know, rather than rush to others which I know not of," but I have a very numerous acquaintance, and a good natured kind of creature, very handy to be invited when much paste is to make, or many pickles, preserves, jellies, cakes, &c. to be prepared, and in my various visits, I have been witness to such scenes, as have made me retire at night from sumptuous mansions, where all was apparent festivity, and happiness, to my own solitary room, thankful I had no husband to torment, or to be tormented by.

I have seen such rudeness practised on both sides, have seen both men and women who pass for good humored, well bred people in the world, be such slovenly, grumbling, idle, inelegant, beings at home, that I have hardly tho't it possible they could be the same persons. But this is thought so delicate a point, that however intimate I may be with any of the parties, I should not dare to give the most distant hint, or offer the gentlest advice; I have therefore given publicity to my thoughts on the subject, and hope it may be the means of leading some of my own sex to take more pains to cultivate the esteem and secure the respect of their husbands, than they did to attract the attention, and excite the admiration of their lovers—and inspire some of the other sex with reflections that women are not slaves to their caprice, or merely the toys of an idle hour, destined to be thrown by with indifference, when the whim of a moment is past; but rational beings, equal with themselves, subject to the same passions, actuated by the same motives, as sensible of injury, as capable of feeling pain, pleasure, grief, joy, love, hatred, pity, and *contempt*, as they are, and should be treated accordingly.

A CONTENTED OLD MAID.

(From the Balance.)

THE FLOATING GARDENS OF MEXICO.

THE Mexicans who border on Louisiana, after they were driven some time in the 14th century from their native country *Aztlan*, and were subdued by the Colhuan and Tepenacan nations, and confined to the miserable islands on the lake *Tetzcuco*, were taught to form moveable gardens which floated upon the waters of the lake. The method in which they constructed, and managed those gardens is thus described by the Abbe Clavigero in his history of Mexico.

"They plait and twist willows and roots of marsh plants, or other materials together, which are light, but capable of supporting the earth of the garden firmly united. On this foundation they lay the little bushes which float on the lake, and over all, the mud and dirt which they draw up from the bottom of the lake. Their regular figure is quadrangular; their length and breadth various; but as far as we can judge, they are about eight perches long, and not more than three in breadth, and have less than a foot of elevation above the surface of the water. These were the first fields which the Mexicans owned after the foundation of Mexico. There they first cultivated the maize, great pepper, and other plants necessary for their support. In progress of time, those fields grew numerous from the industry of these people. There were among them, gardens of flowers, and odoriferous plants, which were employed in the worship of their gods, and served for the recreation of the nobles. At present, that is, in the year 1780, says the Abbe, they cultivate flowers and every sort of garden herbs upon them. Every day of the year, at sun rise, innumerable vessels, loaded with various kinds of flowers and herbs, which are cultivated in those gardens, are seen arriving by the canal, at the great market place of the capital.—All plants thrive there surprisingly; the mud of the lake is an extremely fertile soil, and requires no water from the clouds. In the largest gardens there is commonly a little tree, and even a little hut to shelter the cultivator, and defend him from the rain or sun.

"When the owner of the garden wishes to change his situation, he gets into his little vessel, and by his own strength alone, if the garden be small, or with the assistance of others, if it be large, he tows it after him, and conducts it wherever he pleases, with the little tree and hut upon it——That part of the lake, (adds the Abbe Clavigero) where those floating gardens are, is a place of infinite recreation, where the senses receive the highest possible gratification.

SILENCE.

SILENCE is one of the great arts of conversation, as allowed by Cicero himself, who says, "there is not only art but an eloquence in it," and this opinion is confirmed by a great modern, Lord Bacon. For a well-bred woman may easily and effectually promote the most useful and elegant conversation, without speaking a word. The modes of speech are scarcely more variable than the modes of silence.

The silence of listless ignorance, and the silence of sparkling intelligence, are perhaps as separately marked, and as distinctly expressed, as the same feelings could have been by the most unequivocal language. A woman, in a company where she has the least influence, may promote any subject by a profound and invariable attention, which shows that she is pleased with it; and by an illuminated countenance, which proves she understands it.

Attention is the most flattering encouragement in the world, to men of sense and letters, to continue any topic of instruction, or entertainment, they happen to be engaged in. It owed its introduction perhaps to accident the best introduction for a subject of ingenuity, which, though it could not have been formerly proposed without pedantry may be continued with ease and good humor but which will be frequently and effectually stopped by the listlessness, inattention, or whispering of silly girls; whose weakness betrays their ignorance and whose impatience exposes their ill breeding.

ON THE DREAD OF THUNDER.

BEASTS discover a consciousness of danger at the approach of a thunder tempest: they leave their food, and their looks and postures betray symtoms of fear and amazement. But birds, sheltered from the fatal bolts by their feathers, are fearless. While the thunder roars and the dark and heavy cloud is moving on towards them, they are often seen in a playful frolicsome mood. Both are guided by an unerring instinct.—— Beasts are sometimes struck dead by lightning: they are in real danger; and have, therefore, cause to fear.—— But lightning, which has power to rive

the strongest oaks, and even the hardest rocks, seldom, if ever, passes between the feathers, and pierces the bodies of birds.* The latter, as if conscious of their safety; and, at the same time, exhilirated by the change of air, that begins to be purified and sweetened by explosions from the gathering clouds, discover marks of glee: and they have indeed real cause for their expressive marks of joy.

Man, exalted by reason, and still more by religion, should in this, as in all other respects, act a higher part than the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air. A thunder tempest presents one of the sublimest scenes in nature; and its sublimity is blended with a degree of awfulness proportionate to which thoughtless andmuch more, a frolicsome levity, during such a scene, though becoming bird, would be highly unbecoming men and women. On the other hand, they should not discover the stupid amazement, nor the frantic fright of beasts.

Thunder and lightning are necessary agents in the grand operations of nature; they are "Ministers of good" to mankind, and their general tendency is to save life rather than to destroy it. By killing noxious vapors and clarifying and sweetening the air, they render it wholesome andprevent the spread of pestilence and other mortal diseases. For one person, destroyed by lightning, thousands and hundreds of thousands, would be destroyed by poisons and mortal contagions in the atmosphere, if this powerful instrument to cleanse it were never used.

The fear arising from thunder storms should therefore be, in a manner, lost in gratitude for the general good, which they occasion: and parents instead of setting before their children on such occasions, an example of consternation and wild affright, which would tend to render them miserable through life, should endeavorto fortify their minds by arguments drawn from reason, philosophy and religion.

* *It is the practice of some people always to rise from their beds when thunder tempests happen, during the night season; whereas a bed, filled with feathers, is the safest situation that can be found.*

THE REVENGE OF A NOBLE MIND.

DEMETRIUS POLORCETUS having done much service to the people of Athens. On his departure for the wars left his wife and children in that city. Being defeated and obliged to fly, he thought that he might safely take refuge amongst his good friends the Athenians; but these ungrateful wretches refused to receive him; they even sent him back his wife and children, under a pretence that possibly they were not in safety at Athens, where the enemy might come and make them prisoners.

This conduct pierced the heart of Demetrius for there is nothing so cutting to an honest man as the ingratitude of those whom he loves and on whom he has conferred benefits. Some time afterwards the affairs of this prince took a favorable turn and he came with a great army to besiege the town of Athens — The Athenians persuaded that they could not hope for pardon from Demetrius, resolved to die with their arms in their hands, and published a declaration which condemned to death any person who should talk of surrendering to this prince: but they did not reflect, that there was scarcely any corn in the town, and that they must soon want bread.

In fact, after having suffered hunger for a long time the most reasonable among them said: it is better that Demetrius should immediately put us to death, than for us to die of hunger; perhaps he will have compassion upon our wives and children. They then opened the gates of the town, and Demetrius commanded that all the married men should be assembled together in a large square, surrounded by soldiers, each of whom held a naked sword: nothing was heard in the town but cries and sighs. The women embraced their husbands, the children their fathers, and bid each other adieu.

When they were altogether in this place, Demetrius mounted on an elevated situation reproached them for their ingratitude in the most moving terms, and was so affected himself that he shed tears while speaking. The inhabitants kept a profound silence expecting every moment that the prince would command his soldiers to massacre them. But how great was their surprise when this good prince said to them, I will show you how far you are culpable with respect to me; for it was not an enemy that you refused assistance, but to a prince who loved you, who still loves you, and who will revenge himself no otherwise than by pardoning you, and doing you all the service in his power.——Return home in peace, whilst you have been here my soldiers by my orders have carried corn, and provision to your houses.

For the Visitor.

MEMORANDUM OF A BLOOD, *For 24 Hours.*

On 4th of July.

EIGHT o'clock.—Confounded headache, the effects of the preceding day—plung'd into the watery elemen' to dissipate the fumes of Madeira—would'nt do—took a tertian by way of an antidote.

Nine o'clock.—Half vex'd—vented my spleen upon Carlos—unkennell'd him—bid him fetch—disobeyed me—bit his ear—broke two of his ribs, and left him grovelling on the earth.

Ten o'clock.—Spirits depress'd—took a replevin by way of a stimulant—had no effect—sat down to breakfast—drank a bowl of Ogden's St. Domingo—would'nt agree with my stomach,

Eleven o'clock.—Took a tertian—grew lively—took a replevin as a corroberant—had the desired effect.

Twelve o'clock.—Sat down to draft a declaration, made three mistakes in the first line—scratched it out again—cut up a dozen quills in making a pen—damn'd my knife—broke the blade—upset the ink bottle—spoiled a new set of Vesey's Reports—half stupid—went to bed.

One o'clock—Slept soundly

Two o'clock.—Called to dinner—demolished 2 pounds of roast beef—took a tertian to assist digestion—upset the sauce bowl in my sister's lap—spoiled her new sprigg'd muslin—greatly reproved me for my carelessness—excused myself by dashing a tumbler of aqua-fontanæ in her face—made a pre-

ejaculate retreat amid a volley of imprecations.

Three o'clock.—Met a blood in a fair way for the land of Bacchus—upset a pye woman and her table—retreated into the Albany Coffee House—took a replevin—was ask'd to read a paragraph—held it upside down—could'nt make out a single word—curs'd the small print and fell asleep.

Four o'clock.—Continued snoring.

Five o'clock.—Was awoke by the landlord for disturbing the company—damn'd his ill manners and sent the tumbler at his head—Ordered out of doors—incapable of resistance.

Six o'clock.—Examin'd the state of my finances—funds very much reduc'd—afraid they would not hold out—went to view the parade—was taken in tow by a blood.

Seven o'clock.—Had a faint recollection of the inside of a porter-house—forgot where I was—remained in a state of insensibility.

Eight o'clock.—Endeavor'd to beat a march—top heavy—would'nt do—came to an anchor.

Nine o'clock.—Took a replevin—sallied forth—ran against a lamp post—fell souse into the mud—split the knees of my pantaloons—was help'd up by a negro—rewarded his pains by cracking his pate—left him in my former situation.

Ten o'clock.—Grew tongue tied—took a tertian—remov'd my languor—became quite lively—saw a sail a head—made after her—prov'd to be a heavy fisted daughter of Hibernia—made an assault—was repulsed—endeavor'd to board—poured a full broadside into me—came to my senses—found myself wallowing in the mud gutter—Curs'd her anvil fist and shot ahead.

Eleven o'clock.—Took a replevin—the effect began to predominate—took another—my tottering limbs refus'd support—grew insensible—ignorant of my situation wander'd I knew not whither.

Eight o'clock.—Almost suffocated with a noxious effluvia, turned round to discover the cause, found myself encircled in the luscious arms of a sable nymph—curs'd my cruel fate and fell asleep.

C. M.

WITTY ANECDOTE OF A LATE EARL OF ST. ALBANS.

THIS earl, who was secretary to queen Henrietta Maria in all her misfortunes, found himself at the restoration but in an indifferent condition.

Happening once to make one in a party of pleasure, with his majesty, king Charles II. when all distinctions were laid aside; a stranger came with an important suit for an employment, just vacant and of great value. The king ordered him to be admitted to his presence, and the earl to personate his majesty.

The gentleman made his addresses accordingly, enumerated his services to the royal family, and hoped such a place would not be thought too great a reward for them.

By no means, replied the earl, and I am extremely concerned, that as soon as I heard of the vacancy, I conferred it on my faithful friend; there, the earl of St. Alban's, (pointing to the king) who hath constantly followed the fortunes both of my father and myself; and hitherto only enjoyed my favor in return. But when any thing of this kind happens again, worthy your acceptance, pray let me see you again.

The gentleman withdrew. The king smiled at the jest, and confirmed the grant.——Thus the earl owed that to chance and quickness of thought, which the most faithful services could never procure him.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, July 20, 1805.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the death of 59 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

CONSUMPTION 10—casualties 2 (a young woman killed by a fall against a stone stoop—and a child by a fall down stairs)—cholera morbus 1—convulsions 9—debility 3—decay 2—dropsy 2—dysentery 4—epilepsy 1—fever and ague 1—scarlet fever 1—typhus fever 1—flux 9—hæmorrhage 1—hives 2——infanticide (a new-born infant found at potter's field wrapped up in a piece of linen) 1—inflammation of the lungs 1—intemperance 1—rash 1—sprue 1—sudden death by drinking cold water 2—suicide by laudanum 1—and 2 of worms.

Of whom 11 were men—18 women—15 boys—and 15 girls.

Of whom 21 were of and under the age of one year—6 between 1 and 2—8 between 2 and 5—1 between 5 and 10—1 between 10 and 20—5 between 20 and 30—6 between 30 and 40—7 between 40 and 50—2 between 50 and 60—and 2 between 60 and 70.——

On Saturday last a young man who follows the sea-faring life was observed, just at the critical moment, attempting to drown himself. With reluctance he was dragged from the water, and while walking up the street, conducted by those who had rescued him, he pulled out a knife for the purpose of destroying himself by this means since prevented from the other. The instrument was with difficulty wrenched from his hand, when he was taken away in order to be secured.

Daily Adver.

CASUALTY.

On the 6th ult. a most unfortunate occurred in the county of Halifax (Vir.) Dr. Robert Mackay, a native of Pennsylvania, who had just returned from court, and was attending to some domestic affairs, at an out-house, during a shower of rain, was struck by a flash of lightning, and expired without a struggle. Dr. M. was a man universally esteemed by his acquaintance, and has left a wife and six children to bemoan his untimely death.

Doctor Joseph Brevit of Baltimore, has published an account of a cure he effected on one of his children (who was brought to the brink of the grave by the disorder most incident to children in summer time, flux and vomiting,) by making a strong tea of the common black-berry briar leaf, with a little milk and sugar added to make it palatable.—On the second day after drinking it the disorder was stopped, and the child re-

covered—Its simplicity ought not to prevent its being tried—as there is frequently more virtue in simples in such cases, than in all the drugs a physician can administer.

Wilmington, (N. C.) July 2d.

On the 28th of June a duel took place on the South-Carolina line, between Brigadier General Benjamin Smith and and Captain Maurice Moore, in which General Smith received a wound in his right side. On Saturday he was brought to town, and we are happy to hear that hopes are entertained of his recovery.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

A short time since, it was not fashionable for a lady to wear a rose on her head; now it is quite the contrary; a rose must absolutely be worn;—but what rose? at first a simple rose, presenting only a rose bud; shortly after the ball is commenced, the dancer, whilst in the height of a dance, touches a secret spring, and the simple rose-bud produces a full crown of flowers, which form themselves round the head; on the touching of another spring, the crown divides itself into three or four bunches of flowers, the disposal of which is extremely interesting; but when the lady's turn is to be alone in the dance, which is her most favorite part, the secret spring is again put in movement, the leaves of the rose fall off at the feet of the *petite maitresse*, and the crown, bunches of flowers, all disappear, except the single rose bud which was seen at the *debut*; notwithstanding all which, the dancer's head-dress does not experience the least confusion.——*This is magic.*

Ovid gives a very poetical description of Daphne's being changed into a laurel, whilst flying from Apollo; the God seizes her hands and catches hold of a leaf; he enfolds her in his arms, he embraces a senseless trunk. It is thus with a French *elegante*—whilst her lover gazes on her, her head-dress changes from a bouquet of pinks and tulips to a wreath of roses, and, in turn, puts forth all the varieties and charms of the garden *parterre*.

MARRIED.

On Saturday, the 7th instant, Mr. Frederick Kluesner, to Mrs. Barbara Henry, widow of the late David Henry of this city.

On Friday evening, the 12th instant, Mr. Walter Peck, to Miss Catherine Dally, daughter of Mr. Abraham Dally, merchant, all of this city.

On Tuesday the 9th, Mr. Joseph Clark, to Miss Ann Dennery, both of this city.

At Princetown, (N. J.) on Thursday the 11th, Rudolph Bunner, esq. to Miss ——— Church, daughter of John B. Church, esq.

On Tuesday evening the 9th, Mr. Ignatius P. Longchamps, to Miss Louisa Sophia Brunel.

DIED.

At Port-au-Prince, after an illness of some days, Mr. John R. Van Voorhis, son of Mr. Daniel Van Voorhis, of this city.

At the same place, Dr. Lorton, also of this city.

Suddenly, on Wednesday last, Mr. John Tucker, of Philadelphia.

On Monday last, Miss Eliza Flinn, aged 28 years.

Same day, Mr. John Roberts, engraver, of this city.

JUST PUBLISHED,
And for sale by J. HEWITT,
At his Musical Repository No.—
Maiden Lane,
THE WILLOW,
A Favorite Song, sung with great applause by Mrs. DARLEY, in the Opera of
MATRIMONY.
THE MAID OF THE MEAD,
Sung by Miss BLOMGREN at Vauxhall Gardens, Composed by Hook.
THE BABY'S HUSH-A-BYE,
Sung by Mrs. Darley, in the Comedy of
THE BLIND BARGAIN,
Composed by Mr. Hewitt.

Scales, Weights, & Measures.
ABRAHAM CARGILL,
PUBLIC SEALER OF WEIGHTS, MEASURES, SCALE BEAMS, & YARDS,
No. 250, Water-street.
Four doors West of Peck Slip;
Where he continues to carry on his Manufactory of Tin, Copper, Brass, and Sheet Iron, Ware; and keeps on hand, a general assortment of Scales Weights, and Measures, with a variety of Japan'd Pewter, and Hollow Ware.
N. B. Weights and Measures Adjusted and Sealed at the shortest notice.

W. S. TURNER,
Informs his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 15, PARK, to No. 71 Nassau-street, where he practices PHYSIC, *and the profession of* SURGEON DENTIST.
He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH *upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural.——His method also of* CLEANING *the* TEETH *is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel.——In the most raging* TOOTH-ACHE *his* TINCTURE *has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the* DECAY *is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting* CARIOUS TEETH *upon the most improved* CHIRURGICAL *principles is attended with infinite ease and safety.*
Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or ladi at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 71 Nassau St. where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, *an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years: and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the* TEETH *become beautifully white, the* GUMS *are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened* TEETH *are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of* TARTAR, *together with* DECAY *and* TOOTH-ACHE *prevented.*
The TINCTURE *and* POWDER *may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 63, Maiden-lane.*

VALUABLE INFORMATION
to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach.

BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.
Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list.
Extract of a letter recently received.
Gentlemen,
"I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell' Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sore, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.
ELIZABETH CASEMORE.
No. 15, Thomas-Street, New-York."
Price, One Dollar.
Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's No. 102 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 433 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's. Medicine Warehouse No. 20 Bowery Lane.

DUELLING.

The ideas of that excellent poet, COWPER, *on the subject of duelling, are worthy of being universally and generally read; and the mode of combat which he proposes as a substitute for the present fashionable appeal to the "court of honor," would be at least as "satisfactory," and certainly less fatal to the combatants.*

THE point of honor has been deem'd of use,
To teach good manners, and to curb abuse.
Admit it true, the consequence is clear,
Our polish'd manners are a mask we wear,
And at the bottom barb'rous still and rude;
We are restrain'd, indeed but not subdued.
The very remedy, however sure,
Springs from the mischief it intends to cure.
And savage in its principle appears,
Tried as it should be by the fruits it bears.
'Tis hard indeed, if nothing will defend
Mankind from quarrels but their fatal end;
That now and then a hero must decease,
That the surviving world may live in peace.
Perhaps at last close scrutiny may show
The practice dastardly, and mean, and low;
That men engage in it, compell'd by force;
And fear, not courage, is its proper source.
The fear of tyrant custom, and the fear
Lest fops should censure us and fools should sneer.
At least to trample on our Maker's laws,
And hazard life for any or no cause:
To rush into a fix'd eternal state
Out of the very flames of rage and hate,
Or send another shivering to the bar
With all the guilt of such unnat'ral war,
Whatever use may urge, or honor plead,
On reason's verdict, is a madman's deed.
Am I to set my life upon a throw,
Because a bear is rude and surly? No—
A moral, sensible, and well bred man
Will not affront me, and no other can.
Were I empower'd to regulate the lists,
They should encounter with well loaded fists;
A Trojan combat would be something new,
Let *Dares* beat *Entellus* black and blue;
Then each might show to his admiring friends,
In honorable bumps his rich amends,
And carry in contusions of his skull,
A satisfactory receipt in full.

LOVE IN THE BLOSSOM.

OBSERVE where yonder rose-bush stands!
'Tis somewhat old and much decay'd;
'Twas planted there by Henry's hands,
When Mary was a little maid.

This bush, he cried, I give to you,
It always was my fav'rite tree;
And prithee, little Mary do
Look on it, and remember me.

These words in Mary's heart sunk deep,
And, tho' the cause she could not tell,
She would not give her eyes to sleep,
Till, *that poor bush was water'd well.*

With eyes impatient she beheld,
And chid, fair spring, thy tardy power,
Till the full bud triumphant swell'd,
And burst into a flower.

She pluck'd it with an eager hand,
Shall I to Henry offer this?
She said, not long she made a stand,
Her heart responsive whisper'd, Yes.

And, strange as it may seem to you,
Tho' roses blu'd the garden wall;
More lovely far in Mary's view,
This single bush surpass'd them all.

And tho' the bush hung very thick
With flowers, and tho' the ground was strown
None ventur'd there a rose to pick,
'Twas Henry's plunder, his alone.

And once a rose I saw him strip,
And give it to a stander by;
Resentment quiver'd Mary's lip,
Her pride but half suppress'd the sigh.

Now join'd in wedlock's holy rite,
In mutual love and peace they dwell;
Yet still it gives their hearts delight,
This simple incident to tell

THE FIRST LESSON

OF A FATHER TO HIS SON AT A YEAR OLD.

BOY, love thy mother!—she with tearful eye
Tends the slow progress of thy op'ning mind;
Removes the cause of every infant sigh,
And by her practice lures thee to be kind.
Boy, love thy mother!—calm her beating heart,
That throbs, affectionate with care for thee;
Compose her anxious breast with playful art,
Press her soft lips, and prattle at her knee.
Boy, love thy mother!—Let thy lisping tongue,
In broken accents, charm her wond'ring ear,
And when again upon her bosom hung,
Say, Oh Mamma! I love, I love you dear.
Boy, love thy mother! the reflected rays
Will beam new lustre o'er thy father's days.

N. SMITH,

Chymical Perfumer from London, at the New York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Supernne white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s per box

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

LITERATURE.

The subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the public in general, that he will continue his School at No. 17 Bancker-Street as usual; and will open another the first of May, in that spacious, airy and beautiful House and Situation, on the corner of Grand and Orchard-Streets, now occupied by Mr. Whippo. He has employed persons to assist him in teaching, whose abilities are adequate to the task of teaching English Literature in its various branches. The subscriber will superintend both schools, and make it the top of his ambition to render instruction particularly useful to employers, and reciprocally discharge his duty in every respect relating to Science, Morality and the civil deportment of his pupils. The subscriber purposes living at the last mentioned House, and can accommodate several genteel boarders, the house being very roomy, and therewith a beautiful yard of five lots of ground covered with grass, and shaded with cherry and peach trees.

W. D. LEZELL.
No. 17, Banker-Street, New-York.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages, Indentures, Wills, Leases, Re-leases, Powers, Bonds &c. &c. on the most reasonable terms.

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